The Janitor Fiend.

Tenant's View of Him and What His Wife Thinks About Them—Why the Janitor Joke Thrives

The man from up State threw down the paper and took up his highball.

"Hang these janitor jokes," said he. "Why is it the janitor joke never dies?"

"Because," said the flat dweller, "this is New York, where the janitor gag will be ever young and palatable. The joke that reaches and soothes the seared soul of the man who has to submit to janitorisms is assured of a perpetual place in our affections."

"Is the janitor then so very terrible?" asked the man who lives in a house of his own?

"His manners grow worse continually," said the flat dweller. "Look at me. I have lived in flats and apartments from the days when I paid $30 a month and climbed five flights of stairs along dark hallways up to now, when I pay $2,500 for what is called an apartment. I have climbed away from poverty, but I have not escaped the janitor.

"The king that lives in the basement of my apartment house is a piece off the same devil that was throned in the cellar of that tenement where I first took up housekeeping. The owner or agent puts him in his job as a source of unrest. Some innocents, like yourself, think he's there for your accommodation, to keep the halls clean and the steam up and provide hot water to bathe in, to take in the goods from the tradespeople. Nothing could be more remote from the intentions of the janitor.

"For the first week or two after you move into a janitor's domain you don't get any of the stuff you've ordered from the butcher or the grocer or downtown. You take a friend home to dinner to show him what a nice, light, airy flat you have, and the cook says 'Misther Ox, the meat ain't came yet.'

"Then you excuse yourself to your guest and run over to the market and carry the steak home under your arm. The butcher tells you that he sent it to the address you gave him and it was refused. You ask the janitor about it and he says: 'Oh, is your name Wilson? I thought it was McDougall, and sent that stuff back. Where do you work? What is your income? Do you beat your wife?' and a few questions along the same line of relevancy.

"You go to bed rather late with a peaceful determination to sleep until 9 A. M. At 5 you are awakened by something unearthly. You have been dreaming perhaps, of the python family or the dragon group and the whistle makes you think it real.

THE HAND THAT'S ALWAYS OUT.

DISCUSSING A NEW TENANT.

"If you live in a push-button apartment, where you have to sound the alarm to get in it's a whistle. If you live in an elevator apartment it's a bell. The whistle is long and shrill and nerve-destroying. After a few minutes you realize that something is on the dumbwaiter. You look at the clock. It's only 5.

"Is the janitor warning you that some one is trying to break into your place or that the fire's across the street? No indeed, he's sending up the morning's milk. You haven't made any 'arrangement' with him about holding it downstairs till a seasonable hour arrives, so he's chasing it upstairs in the middle of the night. You ask him about it later that morning and he is obdurate. He can't keep it on his ice unless —well, you wind up by promising him a weekly consideration for letting you sleep until 8 A. M. Then he puts it up to you to make an arrangement with the milk man. The same procedure is followed in regard to your ice.

"When cold weather comes around you discover a new scheme he has for extortion. You complain that you don't get enough steam in your apartments. He confides to you that there isn't enough to go around, but of course he can go out of his way to accommodate you if—

"Next you find that he sends the steam up at 5 A. M. in such a brutal manner that the noise in the radiators would stir old Morpheus from his bed. Another tip and promise of regular remuneration.

"Wash day comes around and when your maid fetches the clothes from the drying room you're short two bedspreads, six napkins and a couple of shirts. Again you call the janitor. 'I can't sit and watch the room all day' he says 'Unless of course I can make something by it.' Again a tax is levied and you pay it, or else your laundry will soon be reduced to the clothespins.

"And so it goes. He's the municipal monarch. You can't live in peace unless you submit to his levies, and the more you submit the more he'll want."

"What are you going to do to get rid of the pirate?" asked the man from up State.

"I don't know" said the flat dweller "Unless Tammany Hall takes it up."

"The janitor," continued the flat dweller, "is a descendant of Janus, the two-faced god. The only thing that brings the pleasant face in view is the masuma and

THE BOTTLE'S BEEN FILLED.

you have to keep enlarging the dose. The dumbwaiter is his temple. You remember that the Temple of Janus was a covered passage near the Forum and was open in war and closed in peace. Well, the dumbwaiter generally is open and that's war.

EVER MISS YOUR MILK?

Every tenant is his foe. He milks them, he shakes them down, he worries and harasses them till their souls are soured. I understand that the pillars of The System of the Police Department have been janitors in early life. If I were to pick out a wardman for the Tenderloin I wouldn't take any but an ex-janitor."

Persons who have made a close study of the janitor say that the root of the evil is in the arrangement between owner and janitor. In many flathouses the janitor gets no salary. For his caretaking he gets his rent, heat and light free. Then, unless he has other employment, he finds it necessary to live off the tenants. If he can't browbeat them out of tips enough he can steal their milk and groceries and by this form of piracy eke out his table.

In other flathouses the janitor's compensation is as low as $10 a month. It ranges from that up to $100 a month, with rent free. In such places the janitor is more of a superintendent and generally collects rents and acts as an agent.

It is hard to strike an average of the wages paid to janitors because when the figures exceed $50 a month, with rent free, it generally means that out of this the janitor has to pay extra help for cleaning or for running elevators and tending the door. Some of the janitors of schools and other public buildings get as high as $5,000 a year, but a corps of scrubwomen must be paid out of that. Of the thousands of janitors in Manhattan the wages of a majority are under $25, with rent free.

A phase of the janitor's rakeoff comes from the grocers and the butchers. They recommend to new tenants where to buy these staples and collect from the dealers either in cash or in trade. In the Harlem flathood, where rivalry is keen among the small dealers, they submit to this shave of the profits. At the same time the janitors act as credit clerks for the grocers, informing them of the probable responsibility of tenants who seek to open accounts.

"We have our troubles and the tenants have theirs," said a janitor's wife. "Bunch a lot of cranks together in an apartment house and they think they have only to call down the dumbwaiter to get a settlement of any problem of domestic economy. The joke men have inspired in every breast a hatred of the janitor that religion can't pull out.

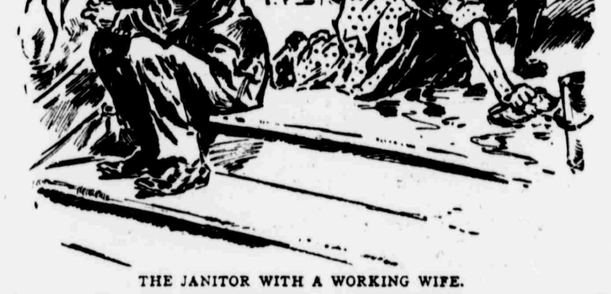
"We have to be on the alert all the time. cook is away and if I fed that pie to Danny he'd be drawing his sick benefit for a week.

"A janitor must always treat a gift as

HE CLEANS THE HALLS.

if its picture was in the Rogues' Gallery. Nothing happens that the janitor isn't blamed for. If a morning paper's gone, the janitor stole it. Some of these houses are inhabited by confirmed dumbwaiter robbers. When the elevator starts from the bottom every door is open and a hand is ready to make a grab. And all that's snatched is charged against the janitor."

When New York's poorest citizens are able to live in apartment hotels the janitor will be driven out of business.



THE JANITOR WITH A WORKING WIFE.

First, Mrs. One-flight-up want her rugs beat. I send Danny up to do it. That night her sweet voice comes down the well. 'Is that you, Mrs. Janitor? Well, I'm sending you down a pie I baked.' 'Thank you, ma'am,' I say; but I know very well that her

KINGS OF THE STREET CARS.

NEW ORDER OF ROYALTY ARISEN IN THE LAST DECADE.

Most of Them Began as Poor Boys—Active Now in European Capitals—Start of Verner, Widener and Elkins—A Profitable Knowledge of Corporation Law.

Within the last decade a new king has sprung up—the street railway king. He is always American and almost invariably he has been evolved from a poor boy.

He is the practical man to whom American cities are looking for solutions of their transportation problems, and he is the man who is spending millions upon millions in efforts to meet the demands of continually increasing centres of population. Representative of his class are H. H. Vreeland of New York, Charles T. Yerkes of Chicago, Murray Verner and Judge J. H. Reed of Pittsburg and P. A. B. Widener and William L. Elkins of Philadelphia.

But although the transportation problem is far from solved in this country the American street railway king is already reaching out into foreign fields. Charles T. Yerkes is going to give London a modern underground system; Murray Verner is laying electric railways in the capital of the Czar, St. Petersburg; and nearly every European city that can boast of up-to-date systems of transportation has to acknowledge that American money and American brains have figured largely in establishing them.

Mr. Verner is typical of the American railway magnate abroad. Like the majority of his fellows he started with nothing except an indomitable determination to amount to something some day. It was this ambition that sent him from his father's farm in western Pennsylvania to Pittsburg, where, after knocking around for several weeks looking for a job, he seized on an opportunity to become a horse car driver.

His knowledge of horses, gained on the farm, stood him in good stead, and it was soon noticed that his car was hardly ever behind its schedule and his horses always in good condition. This led to young Verner's transfer to the car barns as stable boss. Here he remained for several years, saving his employers thousands of dollars in horseflesh.

As a reward for this piece of business he was graduated into a more responsible place, where, in the words of one of his old employers, "Murray did the work of two men in half the time they would have taken to do it." Then step by step he advanced until finally he became superintendent of the line.

He was still young when this happened, but he had not been in his new place twelve months before the road was placed on a paying basis, something that former superintendents had strived in vain to do for years. Mr. Verner had made the road a good investment simply because he had learned the business from A to Z and it was not long before this fact was recognized.

Then, when the era of the trolley car came, men of capital interested themselves in Mr. Verner, and pretty soon were found to be backing him in his purchases and electrification of run-down street railways throughout the central States. In every case Mr. Verner gave the lines personal attention, with the result that they were transformed into profitable properties.

After he had amassed a fortune of $3,000,000 from this sort of work Mr. Verner concluded that he would see what could be done toward giving European cities better transportation facilities. With this object in view, he went abroad.

After looking over Paris, Berlin and several other Continental cities, he travelled to St. Petersburg to visit a friend, who took him home in one of the rattle-trap tramcars that had long been fixtures of the Czar's capital. Mr. Verner was so disgusted with that mode of getting around that he said, jokingly, to his companion:

"I've a notion to come to this town and give it electric railways."

The friend took the remark seriously.

"If you can get the proper concessions from the authorities," he said, "you'll make a mint of money."

That remark made Mr. Verner prick up his ears, and, whereas he had planned to remain in St. Petersburg scarcely a week, he stayed two months making investigations and talking to officials. When he departed he carried back to Pittsburg an agreement between himself and the Czar's representatives for modern transportation lines in the Russian seat of government.

The men who had backed him before were only too willing to back him again, and so, to-day, a former Yankee horse-car driver is the street railway king of Russia.

Another Pittsburg man who has recently become widely known as a street railway power is Judge J. H. Reed. His prominence and his fortune of $8,000,000 have come to him only within the last few years, but both are the direct result of years of study of corporation law during spare moments.

When a young man Judge Reed went from a neighboring town to Pittsburg, where he read law in the office in which he earned his bread and butter as a clerk. He stayed there until he was admitted to the bar, and then he rented a dingy little room and hung out his shingle.

As he had few clients to represent for the first few years of his legal experience he took the opportunity to inform himself thoroughly in corporation law, of which he had been extremely fond as a student. Some years later, while he was prosecuting a case in court against a railroad, that property's officials became aware of the fact that he was more than a match for their attorneys, and after the case had been disposed of they made Mr. Reed their legal representative in Pittsburg.

Along in the '90s the railroad got into a suit in which a million or two was at stake, and William K. Vanderbilt, who by that time owned a majority of the stock, summoned all the road's attorneys to New York for a consultation as to the best method of defending the case. A score of lawyers were present and nineteen gave involved reasons why the suit should be defended this way or that.

When the nineteenth man had finished, the twentieth, who had been sitting quietly in a corner of the room, arose.

"Mr. Vanderbilt," he said, "the Pennsylvania Supreme Court will never take any of those views of the case."

"It won't, eh?" said Mr. Vanderbilt. "Why won't it?"

In a few brief sentences the speaker told why his colleagues' arguments would not be considered good law, and then, as succinctly he outlined the position which he believed the court would take.

Mr. Vanderbilt was on his feet the instant the attorney finished.

"You're right," he almost shouted. "We'll make the case your way and you're to present it."

The Supreme Court took the view that Judge Reed said it would, and, as an immediate result, Judge Reed was made president of the Pittsburg, Bessemer and Lake Erie Railroad.

A year or so ago, when eighteen corporations, representing the street railway and gas interests of Pittsburg, were consolidated, Judge Reed was chosen president of the Consolidated Gas Company and all because he had made himself familiar with corporation law while waiting for clients and after office hours.

Two of the controlling factors in the corporation of which Judge Reed is the head are P. A. B. Widener and William L. Elkins. These two men operate more miles of street railways in more American cities and towns than any other two men in the business.

They have made an enormous checkerboard of Philadelphia with their properties, there are important voices in the management of New York's surface lines, they have no competition in a score of interior towns in Pennsylvania, the people of Chicago and Cincinnati travel by railways largely under their control; and many suburban and interborough trolley systems in Connecticut and the central States, especially Ohio, are operated by them.

The story of their rise goes back to the '70s, when Mr. Widener was a butcher and Mr. Elkins an oil dealer in Philadelphia.

Of the two Mr. Widener was heard of first in that city. Besides looking after his butcher shops, he dabbled in politics and one day he found himself a power in his ward.

After that he chose to have himself elected to the City Council, and, while serving there he made the acquaintance of many of the Quaker City's prominent citizens. Among these was Robert Mackey, president of the Continental line of horse cars, which ran by the old City Hall—Independence Hall—and, therefore, was much used by politicians, judges and lawyers.

Mackey, who was a power in municipal and State politics, saw in Widener what he said was the making of a fine politician, and he interested himself in the young man. In the course of the lessons that Mackey gave Widener in things political, the latter also gleaned from his teacher some interesting data about the profitableness of the street railway business.

Some years later Mr. Widener became treasurer of Philadelphia. At that time the office paid its holder, besides a liberal salary, about $20,000 a year in fees.

When Mr. Widener began receiving this money he cast about for a way to invest it, and then it was that he recalled Robert Mackey's statement that a good street car line was equal to a big vein gold mine for returns. Mr. Widener decided to buy street railway stock, but when he went into the market he found that the People's Company controlled nearly all the paying lines, and that so gilt-edged was their paper that no one wanted to part with his holdings.

The People's properties were in the centre and built-up portions of the city. Surrounding them were other lines, all operated independently and all nearly bankrupt for the same reason—scarcity of population along their routes.

Thwarted in his attempt to get into the People's, Mr. Widener began a careful investigation of these railways, with the result that he became convinced that several of them would be good investments in a few years, when the city had grown more. As his treasurer's fees were velvet to him, his business bringing him in an income sufficient to live on, he decided to get control, if possible, of the most promising of these outlying lines. This proved to be the old Union, whose terminals were in the open country to the north and south.

In figuring up the situation Mr. Widener discovered that, if the amount of his surplus capital were doubled by some one else, the road could be secured. Right here he thought of his friend, William L. Elkins.

At that time Mr. Elkins was a prosperous oil dealer in that part of the town through which the Union line ran. On that route also Mr. Widener had his most important butcher shop, and it chanced that frequently the two men met in the cars. This led to a budding acquaintance after awhile to a sprightly acquaintance and gradually into friendship, so that when Mr. Widener was thinking of going into street railways the intimacy had become marked and warm.

It did not take Mr. Widener long to convince Mr. Elkins that the Union line would be a good investment in a few years. They pooled their capital and experienced no difficulty in securing a controlling interest. Of the stockholders were only too willing to sell what they considered hopeless property. Two years later, owing to suggestions and the spread of population, dividends were declared.

The more than hoped for success encouraged Mr. Widener and Mr. Elkins to branch out, and they bought up a connecting line, two miles in length, whose equipment was exactly four cars and eight horses, which penetrated still further into the country to the north. And pretty soon that paid, too.

Then it was that the plan was conceived of getting hold of all the independent lines surrounding the People's system, which embraced the business part of the city. The partners, keeping in the background, quietly set to work and whenever an opportunity offered, bought blocks of stock, no matter how large or small, through agents.

This thing kept up for several years, until even the strong and important Continental line had been largely absorbed, Widener and Elkins, in the meantime, not showing their hands, but manipulating everything so unostentatiously that the public did not dream of what was going on.

Neither did that powerful coporation, the People's, until one day its members awakened to the fact that some unknown parties had got hold of their connecting lines seemingly over night and were covertly threatening to parallel some of their best dividend-paying properties. Here was a pretty how-to-do, and the People's, fearing that the threat might be carried out, proclaimed to the agents of their opponents who had hinted at such a move, that it was willing to consider a proposition for the merging of the two interests for their mutual benefit.

Then Mr. Widener and Mr. Elkins came suddenly out into the open, met the People's representatives, convinced the later that they were masters of the situation, and made them a proposition. The upshot of the whole matter was that a few weeks later Philadelphians found that the all-powerful People's had been taken over by two men who they had never dreamed were street railway powers, and one of whom—Mr. Elkins—they had never heard of.

All this happened some years before the advent of the trolley car, and ever since then Elkins and Widener have been the Quaker City's transportation magnates.

Such, in brief, is the history of the first of their many notable street railway deals.

A. J. CASSATT'S RISE TO POWER.

WAS PLAYING GOLF WHEN ELECTED A RAILROAD KING.

Refused to Be the Pennsylvania's President Till the Directors Got Mrs. Cassatt on Their Side—Glad to Be Road Supervisor of Lower Merion, Though.

Something after the manner of Cincinnatus called away from his plough to take up matters of state, A. J. Cassatt was found on the golf course when he was asked to become president of the Pennsylvania Railroad and one of the greatest railroad powers in America.

A week or so after the death, in 1899, of Frank Thomson, who had succeeded George B. Roberts as the head of the company, the directors of the railroad met in Philadelphia to select a new president. Up to that time they had found the task comparatively easy, for one of the vice-presidents had always stood out prominently through his work as the proper man to name. But this time it was different—neither Vice-President John H. Green nor any of his colleagues felt himself sufficiently equipped to fill the office.

Two hours later, when the meeting adjourned, the directors had not been able to discover among their number or the road's employees the right man for Mr. Thomson's successor. It has been a long-established policy of the Pennsylvania not to import railroaders for important posts, but, as the directors wrestled with the problem, to many came the thought that at last this principle would have to be broken, if the road was to have the right sort of head.

One man had actually started to state this view at another meeting of the directors, held a week later, when he was interrupted by a colleague.

"Hold on," excitedly pleaded the interlocutor, "we won't have to do that—not that. I've got it—I've got the solution."

At that the first speaker sat down and the second outlined his plan.

"Let us find out who have been responsible for the improvements that have made the road famous, and that living man who is most responsible is the man for the presidency."

Forthwith the directors began to put questions to the vice-presidents, and these were some of the questions:

"Who is responsible for our fine suburban stations and facilities?"

"A. J. Cassatt, when he was a director and first vice-president," was the answer.

"Who figured largely in making our engineering corps so efficient?"

"Mr. Cassatt, when he was a director," was the answer.

"Whose idea was it to connect the St. Charles Cape terminal with Norfolk by boat and ferry freight for thirty-six miles across Chesapeake Bay?"

"Cassatt's."

"Who stole a march on the B. & O. and snatched the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore away from them over night, after they felt sure they had the property?"

"Cassatt."

"Who advocated and advanced the rebuilding of the Broad Street terminal?"

"Cassatt."

"Who always fought for better and better equipment and a constantly improved roadbed?"

"Cassatt."

Whatever the question, the answer was monotonously singular. Cassatt until, moved by a common impulse the directors unanimously cried out:

"Cassatt!—he's the man."

There and then A. J. Cassatt, who had resigned from the management in the late eighties, as a result of a quarrel with Mr. Roberts over the road's policy, was elected president of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

After it was over cooler heads brought doubts.

"Mr. Cassatt knows nothing of this; he may not consent to take the place."

"He must be forced into accepting," was the reply. "He is the right man, and the road cannot afford to let him get away."

It was agreed to notify Mr. Cassatt of the honor at once and a committee was appointed for the purpose. The members learned that their man was at his country home in Haverford, a Philadelphia suburb, and a thither they journeyed.

"We would like to see Mr. Cassatt," they said at the doorway of "Cheswold."

"He is out on the golf links just now," was the reply. "Will you come in and——"

The three directors turned and straightway made for the golf course. As they neared it, they saw Mr. Cassatt vigorously swinging a club, and, as they reached his side, beheld him expertly drive the ball.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Cassatt," said the committee.

"Glad to see you, gentlemen," heartily responded the golfer. "You're just in time to join me in a game."

"Ahem," began the spokesman, "thank you, but we didn't come out to play to-day. Fact is, we're here to tell you that the board of directors of the Pennsylvania Railroad has elected you president. We've been appointed to notify you and to take back your acceptance."

It is said that for fully a minute Mr. Cassatt stood dumbfounded and speechless before his visitors. Be that as it may, his reply was:

"Gentlemen, I thank you for the honor, but I don't want it. I want to be left alone with my horses and my golf sticks."

"But think of the——" began the committee.

"I care nothing for the position," was the reply. And then, half pleadingly, "Why can't you people leave me alone to enjoy my good times uninterrupted? No, I don't want the presidency—I won't accept it."

There was further urging, but in the end the committee had to return to Philadelphia with Mr. Cassatt's declination and to report that he meant it, for he had said it with that determined air which they all well knew.

On the strength of the report it was decided to bring all sorts of pressure to bear upon Mr. Cassatt. This was duly done, and with scarcely any effect, until Mrs. Cassatt was enlisted on the side of the directors. She went to her husband and asked him to take the place.

"And give up my horses and my pleasures?" he asked. "No, it isn't worth the sacrifice."

But Mrs. Cassatt kept at him. She pointed out the monetary advantage, as the directors had done.

"Haven't we money enough already?" he asked, "to satisfy every whim?"

Then she asked him to consider the commanding social position that would be possible to the family if he accepted. To this consideration he was quite indifferent, holding that nothing better than the family's position as it then was could be desired.

And so it went, Mrs. Cassatt urging, Mr. Cassatt refusing, until at last she outlined the splendid opportunity the head of so great a corporation would enjoy to become great in the world of finance and affairs, particularly as the Pennsylvania, unlike the New York Central, the Lake Shore and other trunk lines, was not the property virtually of one family.

To this statement Mr. Cassatt could do no other thing than assent, and Mrs. Cassatt, quickly realizing her strategic advantage, unflaggingly pressed the argument day after day. Mr. Cassatt holding out, even though he perceived the truth of all his wife said. But one day he surrendered—and now Mrs. Cassatt's prophecy is coming to pass.

In sharp contrast to Mr. Cassatt's extreme unwillingness to assume the duties of president of the Pennsylvania Railroad was his alacrity, year after year, to accept the nomination for road supervisor of Lower Merion township, in which his country residence is situated, from the Republican party.

Mr. Cassatt, as a breeder of horses, an owner of racehorses, and a lover of horse flesh in general, is a firm believer in good roads, and he looked upon the office of road supervisor as a highly important one. Indeed, so well did he fulfil his duties that he gave not only fine roads to his township, but indirectly to the adjoining townships, for once the value of Lower Merion's macadam highways was recognized other supervisors were forced by their constituents into making similar improvements. To-day there are no finer country roads in America than those that have resulted from Mr. Cassatt's initiative.

But, despite his good work, Mr. Cassatt never obtained the road supervisorship without a battle with the opposition nominee, and frequently, when the contest waged hottest, Mr. Cassatt had to go on the stump to the assistance of his spellbinding supporters and his record.

As long as Mr. Cassatt ran for supervisor just so long every election night Republicans and Democrats alike—townsmen and farmers—would gather in different halls in Ardmore, near Haverford, to receive the returns. Lower Merion township is by no means small, and the polling places are scattered and late in getting in their returns.

But this mattered not to the voters. They waited until the result was known, often delayed until the "wee sma' hours," and then the Republicans would jubilantly disperse, while the opponents went their way, vowing that "We'll put up a man next time who will lick Cassatt."

Among the farmers of Lower Merion Mr. Cassatt has many strong friends, but the man who is particularly proud of being an intimate friend of the Pennsylvania's head is Policeman Edward O'Loughlin of Philadelphia.

O'Loughlin is a member of the noted six-feet-and-over Quaker City Reserves, who carry canes instead of clubs. He has his post at Fifteenth and Chestnut streets, by which Mr. Cassatt has walked for years when going from his banking house or the railroad office to his home on Rittenhouse Square. In this way the financier and the policeman became acquainted, and then friends, years ago.

So close is the intimacy between these two men that O'Loughlin, who is proud of his fame of policeman-poet, often has Mr. Cassatt critically discuss his productions. And Mr. Cassatt has been seen quite a number of times reading them and suggesting changes here and there while leaning against a lamppost.

Around the Broad Street Station, in which Mr. Cassatt has his office, it is said that he works longer and harder than when he was an ambitious and poorly paid rodman of the road in 1861, and that not another official in the big terminal spends more time at his tasks. Although he is in the sixties, Mr. Cassatt thinks nothing of staying at his desk twelve hours a day, from four to five hours more than the thousands of clerks under him labor. Of course, he does not do this constantly, but often enough for those who are acquainted with his habits of work to take it as something not in the least out of the usual run of things.

But once he leaves his desk Mr. Cassatt throws off all thought of railroading, intense enjoyment of his hobby horses. Nothing else pleases him so much as to get behind a spanking team or to ride, to Chesterbrook, his stock farm at Berwyn, and spend half a day among the animals he loves.

OVAL VS. ROUND FOOTBALLS.

Better Distance and Direction With the Former; Hence Its Adoption.

Time was when the football used in big college games was not the elliptical ball now in use, but a round ball, and the reason why the former superseded the latter was belief in the theory that the elliptical or oval-shaped pigskin could be kicked further. It seems that that is a point on which scientists are even now divided, although the leaning is toward the elliptical ball for distance. Certainly more fancy tricks can be done with the oval than with the round ball. On account of its pointed ends, it is contended it can be driven further and with better direction, cleaving its path, as it were, more directly through the air. There was a frequent tendency to lift the round ball straight up in the air. The most expert punters, such as George Brooke of Pennsylvania, probably the greatest toe artist on a gridiron in this country that ever played the game, could make the ball cut strange capers. His spirals, the ball revolving on an axis running through from side to side, were difficult to handle, and he had a trick of making the ball leave the ground without turning, and then assuming a rotary motion after it got up in the air something after the manner of a billiard ball taking English after hitting a cushion.

Brooke, McBride, Butterworth, Bull, Brewer, Hudson, Daly, Baird, DeWitt, Bowman and other great kickers all had or have favorite ways of punting the ends of the oval when leading it. Some hold the ball by the sides when about to drop it for a kick, others hold it by the points, sometimes with the point nearest the kicker lower down than the other, sometimes just the reverse. It depends somewhat on whether it is a drop-kick or punt. There have been drop-kicks for goal when the ball was made to revolve toward the kicker, though travelling from him to give it steadiness in its flight. Hudson, the Indian, was such an accurate drop-kicker that he used to drop-kick his goals from touchdowns, instead of using the customary place-kick.

The battle for the supremacy between the round and elliptical ball was really decided in England, not in this country. It had been used for years in the Rugby game in England before Harvard and Yale used it for the first time in 1876. Harvard and Yale played with a round ball in 1876, and in 1876 Harvard went down to Yale the first oval ball the latter ever had as Yale was unable to get any oval balls